

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleuee it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his vnmaisted importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.
Ophe. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Aft:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hookes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhat'ch't, vnslidg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdies:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that,
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend;
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all, to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.
Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
Ophe. So please you, something touching the *L. Hamlet*.
Polon. Marry, well bethought:

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a Greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the voyces of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heat; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scatter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleuee so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleuee his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuements show:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What how now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome,
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?

That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat Steele,
Reuistest thus the glimpse of the Moone,
Making Night hideous? And we fooles of Nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wai'ts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?

I doe not see my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waxes me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the froud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wai'ts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I call'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I lay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speake; Ile go no fur.

Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gho. Bury me not, but lend thy ferious hearing to me:
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;

And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,

Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid to tell
The secrets of my Prison-House;

I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:

But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Gho. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;

But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall,
Hath not bin yet.

Ham. Hatt, hatt me to know it,

That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,

May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Gho. I finde thee apt,

And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe;

Would'st thou not stire in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of *Denmarke*,
Is by a forged proceesse of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Gho. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts,
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;

Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

O o

But